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## ABOUT NEW YORK:

An Account

OF

#### WHAT A BOY SAW IN HIS VISIT TO THE CITY.

 $\mathbf{B}\mathbf{Y}$ 

PHILIP WALLYS.

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.

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#### ABOUT NEW YORK.

When I was a boy, long, long ago, one of my uncles used to come to Mayford, where I lived (and a very nice old town it was and is), and he had on his Sunday clothes, and he rode in a chaise with a smartish kind of horse, not at all like our country horses, and the chaise was clean and shining, unlike our wagons; he wore a watch by a chain around his neck, and I remember very well that before I went to bed he told me what time it was by pressing a spring, when a very small bell in it struck eight, and then again one, which meant a quarter-past eight o'clock.

"Time for little boys to be abed," as my mother said, and very truly, though then I did not think so;

he talked in a brisk way, and was wide awake, and did not seem to mind it if he laughed out loud, and even joked with the minister; he walked right up to anybody, and was not the least afraid, and said—

"How are you—how are you?" in a way that was quite captivating to me. It was a satisfaction to my sister and to me that when our feet were clean he let us play in the gig, and it was so nice; although, as I now remember, when the shafts rested on the ground, both the cushions and we slid off the seats, in spite of all we could do; yet that was nothing to the drive he took us down to the shore, where he and I went in to swim, I in a small way inshore, while he struck out and swashed the water as though it was his. Twice a year he used to come, and those were great times for us; and, for a little while, he, too, seemed to enjoy them. But he generally complained that we were slow and dull, and yet I showed him where we had dug out a wood chuck, and took him to a place where we believed there was a nest of snakes, though

we had never seen any; and I showed him the house I had built for myself for rainy days, and offered him half of a splendid piece of hickory for bows, yet none of these seemed exactly to satisfy him, and so, after two days, he would drive away.

But he always gave us sixpence a-piece, which was a great consolation if he must go; and I thought how rich he must be to give away silver money so. I had once found a quarter of a dollar, and these sixpences and some money I earned working out the weeds, got me a fund, and what do you think I did with it?

I bought a Robinson Crusoe—with pictures in it, and I wish I had it now.

"But what has all this to do, Mr. Wallys, with New York?"

Sure enough.

Why, my Uncle Tom lived in New York! didn't you know that?

So I thought New York was a great city, where men wore their Sunday clothes every day, and were freeand-easy-happy-fellows-with-gigs, like my uncle Tom; and, of course, I wanted to go and see it.

Well, in time I earned some money hoeing corn and piling up wood: I had three dollars, and my mother said—

"Philip, I shall let you go down to New York in the sloop, for you have been a pretty good boy and studied your lessons well, and kept the garden clean all summer."

I was so glad I almost cried, because I was delighted at going to New York, and because my mother thought well of me: so I kissed her twice, and then ran to begin to get ready. I wanted to carry all the things I had; but, finally, I decided to take, besides my clothes, only my best bow and arrows. "Because," I said to myself, "there are lots of ducks in the Sound, and I may shoot some—who knows?"

My mother made me up a very nice basket full of cold meat, and bread and butter, and some cakes, which made my mouth water, for I thought to myself:

<sup>&</sup>quot;I can eat just when I like."

I said to Jerry—

"Jerry, I am going to New York—hurrah!"

And Jerry wagged his little stiff tail, and jumped about in a great way, for he knew what I meant. Then I said—

"Jerry, do you want to go?"

And he did, for he jumped up in my lap and licked my face, and then ran out into the green with his ears streaming, as much as to say—

"Hurrah, boys—I am going to New York."

Jerry was a good little dog and a handsome one.

So he and I started for New York in the sloop Golden Grocer, Crampton, master; and Bill Shelly, cook and general sailor, was one "hand," and Gils Hotchkiss was the other. Bill and I became good friends right off, though he ventured to find fault with Jerry's tail.

"Why," said he, "what ails him?"

"Ails him," I answered, for I did not know but he was going to have a fit, and that Bill saw it in his eyes.

"Ails him! nothing ails him."

"Then what makes his tail so stiff?"

And Bill was going to take hold of it, but Jerry knew better than to let him, and whisked round and growled sharp. Bill laughed a little and said—

- "He's a nice little dog."
- "Ain't he though!" said I.
- "But his tail is altogether too stiff for a dog of his size."

Captain Crampton laughed out—

"Haw, haw, haw!"

But Jerry barked away, and I did not care much if his tail was stiff.

So I said to Bill—

"Dogs with stiff tails are the best."

And then Bill laughed, too, and so did I.

I pulled away at the ropes and helped to get up the sails as much as I could, because I was in a hurry to get off, and because I always liked to help when people were doing anything. It was a pleasant evening when we sailed out into Long Island Sound, and the wide blue water was beautiful to me, and to Jerry, too,

I think, for he stood up on a barrel and looked out to sea, as if he smelt another dog out there. There was another boy passenger besides me, and that was all: and we got a little acquainted that afternoon, but not much. The motion of the sloop was at first very pleasant, but the wind freshened and I began to feel very queer, indeed, in my stomach, and I was first hot and then cold, and I wondered what was going to happen; so I kept near to Bill, who was cooking the supper; but he, after he had made the tea, went to boiling the eggs in the tea-kettle, which I was not used to seeing, and then I vomited (cascaded, Bill called it) right out, and felt better, but rather ghastly.

The Captain said I had better go to bed, and so I thought, and I went.

We were five days on the sloop, and I enjoyed it after the first, for the other boy had a nice small gun, which was much more useful than my bow and arrows; so with it we shot away at the ducks, and frightened them pretty well if we hit none. At first I shut up both eyes when I fired, which any boy knows

down by Riker's Island we were becalmed, and all went ashore, and there the other boy shot two larks on the wing, which seemed to me a great thing to do. But the fact is, that small shot with powder behind them, go faster than any bird flies; and, if they are only aimed right, will catch it. We picked those two larks and Bill cooked them, and we eat them for our supper, and they tasted good.

Hell-gate, through which one goes to get to New York, made our eyes stick out; for there the water rushed and boiled in a great way—there was the "Pot," and the "Gridiron," and the "Hog's-back;" and upon the Hog's-back was the wreck of a schooner. So I thought, what should I do if our sloop should get into the boiling "Pot?" I knew Jerry could swim out; but though I could swim very well, I decided that the Pot would be too much for me; and so I made up my mind to do as Bill did. When I asked Bill what he would do if we got into the "Pot," he only laughed and said—

"He guessed we'd bile."

The rush of the water at Hell-gate is caused by the narrowness of the channel and the ragged reefs of rocks which lie along the bottom: but it is not now very dangerous. Indeed, some of the worst of the rocks were blown up by some ingenious Frenchman a few years ago. Powder in cans was sunk among them, and from these cans a wire led to a galvanic battery; when the battery was charged, the electric spark set fire to the powder, and made the explosion.

Along by Hell-gate were many charming country-seats with green lawns coming down to the water; and I thought that if one could only live there, it would be better than going to heaven; but since I have grown up I have found the very happiest people in my old town of Mayford, and the very miserablest in those splendid houses.

#### MARKETS.

Bill got up before daylight, and came to wake me.
"Phil!" he cried—"Phil-lup!"

But I was wide awake, and ready for him in four minutes; and up we went to Fulton market. There was a throng of people with their market-wagons crowding in, and people hustling to get places to be ready for morning.

"Hurry up here—cup 'coffee!" cried a man close by me.

"Hurrah—cup 'coffee!" said another.



So, some sat, and some stood; and out came the steaming coffee from the great can, and down their throats it went before you could say "Jack Robinson." In this way many, many people took their breakfasts, and the jolly fellow who kept the coffee-box took their shillings.

Then we went into the market, and the question I asked Bill was—

"Who can eat all those things?"

But at mid-day, when we went up Broadway, I asked—

"Where do all the people get their dinners?"

Many don't think how strange a thing it is that this throng of people get their breakfasts, dinners, and suppers, every day, while nothing, not a potato or a chicken, grows in New York.

In the country, every one, you know, has

A good garden, in which excellent vegetables grow, An orderly yard in which nice cocks crow,

a sweet-smelling barn, in which fresh eggs are laid, and

so on; thus it is easy to see where some breakfasts come from. But on New York Island, now-a-days, some five hundred thousand people, men and women, boys and girls, eat a supper at night, go to bed, get up and eat a breakfast in the morning, without thinking where the things grow (there are a few who go hungry).

Now, where does the food come from?

Go down into Fulton or Washington market in the morning, and you will see—

Fat quarters of beef by the hundred,

Fat carcasses of sheep by the hundred,

Fat piles of hogs by the hundred,

Fat turkeys by the thousand,

Fat geese,

Fat ducks, and

Fat chickens—by the thousand.

You will find these both alive and dead:

You will find deer,

You will find rabbits,

You will find pheasants, brought all the way from England,

You will find reed-birds, fat and delicious, from Carolina; canvas-backs from the Chesapeake; grouse from Wisconsin.

You will see splendid black-fish and sea-bass, caught away by Block Island; rich salmon from the Kennebeck; smelts from New Jersey; speckled trout from Vermont; green turtles from the Tortugas.

You will see rows of men with their sleeves up— Crack! crack! crack!



opening oysters as fast as they can: and you will see clams and scallops. Besides these are unnumbered barrels of potatoes and apples, and turnips and cabbages, and squashes and lettuces, and celery and onions, and what more I cannot tell. But one thing more I must tell. There I saw skyblue and rose-pink pigeons, with fan-tails, too; and they were the most beautiful birds I ever saw; and I wondered whether I had better spend my three dollars for a pair. But I discovered how they were made.

#### "How?"

The man said they came from *China*. But I was told—and I believe it, now—that they were white pigeons, dyed in a dye-pot, by an ingenious Frenchman, who wanted to make money very badly.

And there the people are, each one jamming about, and buying and paying each for his or her piece. But if you would see a beautiful market, go to Philadelphia; and Faneuil Hall market, in Boston, is better than any here.

I am told that in the large hotels it is usual to buy a pound of meat for each guest each day. Now, it is easy enough to see, without a slate and pencil, that it would require 500,000 pounds of meat each day for the people of New York. How many cattle (to dress 650 pounds each) will it require to feed this city? Clearly seven hundred and sixty-nine must every day be slaughtered, and in the course of the year two hundred and eighty thousand six hundred and eighty-five cattle must be supplied to feed us, if we had no meat but beef. Now, I would like to have every one make their own figures as to how many sheep we should require.

In fact, 185,500 horned cattle are slaughtered in this city, besides what are brought in ready-dressed. This would make 120 millions of pounds, and, at  $9\frac{1}{2}$  cents a pound, about twelve millions of dollars a year.

The idea of such a quantity of uncooked food is not pleasant, but when nicely cooked and steam-

ing hot, and one has had a good scramble in the the woods, or a game of "base," then it tastes good; and it is pleasant to see a table full of good healthy boys and girls, who eat (but not like pigs), enjoying their dinners.

Besides all the cattle, think of the thousands of barrels of flour that are consumed here. Say there are 100,000 families in New York, and each consumes six barrels a year, I shall be glad to know how many they will require? Between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 barrels a year are brought to New York for use and sale.

Well, here are the people, and here is the food. Now, where does the food come from? and how does it get here?

Simply thus:—When you see a fine steer fattening in the Kentucky woods, or a pig foraging for "mast" in Ohio, or a field of yellow wheat waving in the wind of Wisconsin, or a smack catching bluefish off Montauk Point, you may be pretty sure that somehow all these will get to the New York market.

And how does it all get there? Why, all sorts of wagons and teams are engaged in hauling the crops to steam-boats and rail-road cars, and sloops and schooners; and at last down all these come, pouring out their living or dead freight on to the docks of the East and North (or Hudson) rivers.

There stand scores of men, merchants, hucksters, and market-men, who quickly receive the things, and carry them off for the breakfasts and dinners of their customers.

Locomotives come in puffing and dragging trains loaded with milk, and men rattle through the streets before sun-up, shouting—

" M-e-i-l-k-e!"
" W-h-o-e-u-p-e!"
" WIDE-AWAKE!"

And how do the people in the city get money to pay the farmers and the millers and the fishermen for all this food?

That is an interesting question—who'll answer it?

Many a boy (or girl) who reads this will think

of hog-killing time in the winter, and with pleasure, too; not because of the bloody and dirty work, but because there are such strings of sausages, and good hams, and pork and pease, in the prospect; and because the day is one of a few holidays—and because the boy gets

#### THE TAIL TO ROAST!

For my part, I cannot but think that those who have land, and raise their own food, have as good a time as the city folk; and (if they choose) better food, and better health, and better milk, and more sunshine, and heartier children.

#### THE EMIGRANTS.

I heard people, in New York, talking in the strangest way. Some said: "Bonjour—Bonjour." (Good morning.)

- "Comment vous portez-vous?" (How are you?)
- "Il fait beau temps." (Fine day.)

Others said: "Wie viel verdienen sie per Monat?" (How much do you earn a month?)

"Zehn Dollars, Kost und Wohnung." (Ten dollars and my board.)

"Ich habe fünf und zwanzig Dollars an meinen Vater nach Deutschland geschicht." (I sent twentyfive dollars to Germany, for my father.)

"Das ist gut." (That is good.)

Then again I heard one say: "It's loike wull hev foine crops the yer"—and he was stout and burly.

And again, a woman said: "And shure now, me dear, it's too dear ye are, and not chape at all, for it's but a sorra fish indade for a shillin' cash."

So I said: "Bill, what are these people that talk so queerly?"

"Furriners," said Bill: which means Foreigners—people born out of America.... And the first was a Frenchman; and the second was a German; and the third was a Yorkshireman; and the last was an Irishman—if one may call a woman a man.

But soon I saw another very curious figure. He wore thick-soled, crooked-toed, embroidered shoes, and wide, short trowsers, and a blue frock, like a

shirt, and a little cap; and then he had a brown skin, like an Indian, and long, slender eyes, and a very ugly nose; and down his back lay his hair to his waist, braided in a tail, and tied with a ribbon.

I had never seen so strange a man; and I seized hold of Bill, and said: "What's that?"

Bill laughed—ha! ha! ha!—because he saw I was a little afraid, and said: "A Chinaman; that's all."



He had come a long way over the sea, from a land which is called the "Flowery Kingdom," and the "Celestial;" from the land that sells us so much tea, and buys so much opium. In that land they despise us a great deal more than we here do them; and, in that land, a man, with a swallow-tailed coat and stove-pipe hat, or a woman, with a dab of wire and lace on the back of her head, for a bonnet—who was flounced and hooped up to the waist—would so make them laugh, that the Chinese nation would split, and then we should have no more tea.

I think, therefore, it is not well to dislike a man or a woman, because he or she happens to be born there, not here; for a person cannot choose where he will be born. Now, we Americans have our merits, and we have our vices as other nations have; and when you hear the Irish or English talk, it sounds strange. But almost all Americans talk through the nose, fearfully—this way:

"Wal, neow, Bill, you goin' deown teown?"

That sounds strange to an Englishman, who talks

with his stomach, not with his nose. Then, nearly all Massachusetts people put the g's in the wrong place—this way:

"Wal, Cap'n, you're goin' to Bosting, eh?"

And now a little anecdote comes back to me, that I heard long ago. It was a dispute between two colored men, as to what made a man a citizen of America.

One said: "He must be born here."

The other said: "He must live here in de country, sure."

And so the dispute ran high, and the first one said:

"The Englishman was born in England, and so could not be American; but if de Englishman was born in America, den he was American; dat's all."

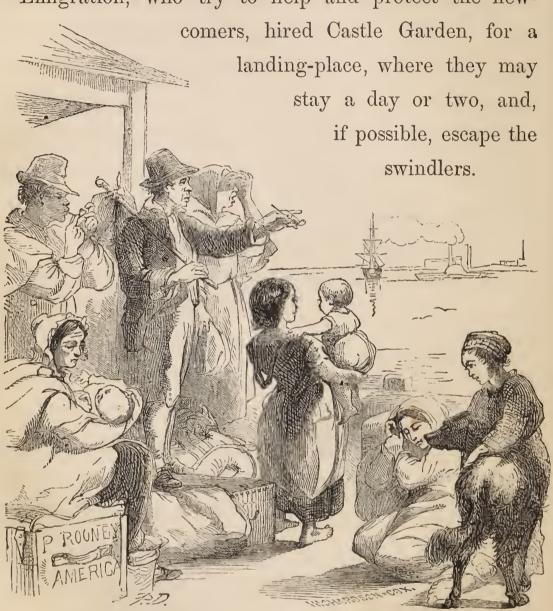
"Now look here," said the other, "you jes look here—answer me dis: If a kitten is born in de oven, is dat bread?—answer me dat now—is dat bread? and if de American is born in England, is dat Englishman?—answer me dat now."

<sup>&</sup>quot;Wah, wah, wah!"—they both laughed.

But all sorts of people come to America, and many of them are poor and ignorant; and they come here because there is no spare land in those old countries for them to raise crops upon, while here there is; and they do lots of work, and have helped to make us and themselves rich.

It must be a hard thing for them to leave their homes, which, however poor, are their homes, and on some accounts, dear—to leave them and, with wives and little children, get on board a ship, and sail away across the broad and stormy Atlantic ocean, to a country they know almost nothing about. And then, when they get here, to know nobody and nothing of the country, nor where to go, nor what to do: besides that, the long voyage in the cramped hold of a ship is apt to make very many sick, and that is added to their Then, too, in the cities, men have such needs for money, and so hunger for it, that they cheat one another without stint; and these poor emigrants are fleeced and plucked shamefully—Germans cheat German; Irishmen; Irish; Frenchmen, French; and

Americans, the whole. This knavery had come to such a pass, that, last year, the Commissioners of Emigration, who try to help and protect the new-



Castle Garden used to be a fort, and was full of guns, and it stands by the open ground still called "The Battery," and faces out upon one of the most beautiful bays and noblest harbors in the world, always alive with ships and steamers. Some years ago, it was turned into an opera-house, where I went, in the charming summer evenings, to hear Bosio, and Sontag, and Truffi, and Salvi, and many more, in that surprising entertainment called an Opera; so I thought, a few days ago, I will go down and see how it looks now; and I went.

Once I had seen it filled with ladies, covered with silks, and laces, and perfumes. Now it was filled with men, women, and children, just landed from England, wearing every variety of clothes; of whom I give you one group.

These six hundred people were grouped about, in the great circular room, with their children lying on their piles of luggage and bedding. Some of them were jolly, but more of the little children were crying and looked very miserable. I said to one woman:

- "You are from England?"
  - "We are," she replied.
  - "How many are with you?"
  - "I have nine children, and my sister five."

I looked at the poorly-dressed things, and felt sorry that they did not look hearty, and brown, and rugged, like country-bred children.

She told me they were from Birmingham city, and were going to the Mormons.

- "What," said I, "are you Mormons?"
- "We are; and there are five hundred and sixty on board our ship, the Emerald Isle."
  - "All going to Deseret?"
  - "Yes."

I told her it was a long journey from here to St. Louis, thence to St. Joseph, and thence across the wide and barren-"Plains."

"Yes," she said, "but when we get there we shall have some land of our own, and a home."

Think of it; nearly all these people had never had a foot of land, nor a shingle of roof they could call their

own; and I do not doubt that the prospect of getting these, went far towards persuading them to join the Mormons, who are a very singular and unfortunate sect.

## THE SHIPS.

The Golden Grocer lay in Peck slip, where she sold potatoes and turnips, and cheeses and eggs, and was one of the market-boats. I rather liked to stay with Bill, and sell to the people who came down to buy: I liked it, because it was being busy, and because Bill, now and then, told me about things that I knew nothing of. There is nothing which strikes one, on first landing on the docks at New York, more strangely than the great number and majestic size of some of the ships. Mast after mast extends away along the shore as far as one can see, and in a high wind the sound in in the rigging is as of great rude harps. One day when a big ship went sailing by, I said,

- "Bill, look, there's a stout ship, there now!"
- "Pretty fair," said he, "but I've known stouter ships than she sail away and never come back."

- "Now, Bill, tell me about it."
- "Once I went sailor in the good ship the Swallow, a long voyage, round Cape Horn. She was a tight little ship, and held water. Well, we were two months getting there, and didn't see a sail. Now, you must know that round Cape Horn the wind turns a corner, and gets dreadfully tangled up, and don't blow no kind of way straight and steady; and sometimes it will blow hard right into your eyes, so that you can hardly shut 'em; and then it will chop round and almost blow your hair overboard: that's the way it does round Cape Horn."
  - "Does it though?" I said.
- "Yes, it does. Well, we got into that kind of winds, and our little ship behaved beautiful—yes she did: but the wind blew some of our sails into carpet-rags, and one night they went clean out of the gaskets: that's the way that wind did."
  - "Did it though?" I said.
- "Yes, it did: and so that night I was on deck, and our ship was driving before this wind, and I

was holding on and trying to keep a 'look-out;' and the salt waves were dashing over us and thun-dering down on our deck, so that the timbers of the tight little Swallow quivered—they did," he said, looking down at me.

"Did they though?" I said.

"Yes, they did: and now and then it lightened; when I looked out sharp—sharp as I could—and once I thought I saw the big hull of a ship: dear me, what a sight! Then the Cap'n sung out 'Ship ahead! hard up!' and he jump'd to the wheel, which steers the ship you know—"

"Yes," I said; "and then what?"

"Then we just rushed past her, and she was rolling heavily, and when it lightened again we saw the sailors, and knew that she was a whaler; and when it lightened again I saw she had lurched, and that the sea was playing havoc with her; and then I heard a scream! and when I looked again she was not there—"

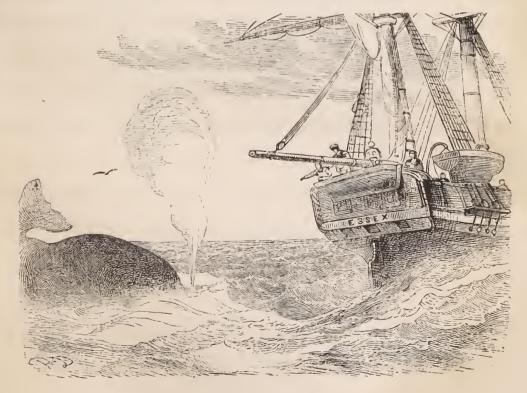
<sup>&</sup>quot;Where was she?" I said.

- "Gone to Davy Jones's locker."
- "Where was that?"
- "Gone down."
- "Into the sea?" I said.
- " Yes."
- "And the sailors?"
- "All drowned—every one."
- "Now, Bill," I said, "is that true?"
- "Every blessed word on't."

I had been thinking that it might be pleasant to go to sea, when I got big enough; but this did not promise very well. Few know what a mighty power the water has. It is only some two years since that the entire bow (nearly down to the water) of a strong steam-ship was knocked clean off by a single wave; and the ship was obliged to make her port in Chesapeake bay (which any one can find on the map) as quick as she could. But strong as ships are, and as waves are, there are things, in one sense, stronger than they; and they are whales. One of the most surprising things hap-

pened only a short time since. A whaling-ship, the Essex, was cruising away on our northwest coast, towards Behring's Straits (look at the map), hunting for whales; when, one day, the captain saw a whale basking on the top of the water, and he shouted, "All hands ahoy! whale! whale!"

And up all the men tumbled, and manned their boats, and were ready for the chase, when the captain noticed that the whale was making towards them, which was uncommon. He came on faster



and faster, and the captain jumped up on the bulwarks of the ship, and shouted:

"Keep away! or he'll strike us."

And he did, and the ship trembled as though she had struck a rock.

What to think of this, the captain did not know, and all hands were called to the pumps; for the blow was so heavy that he feared the ship might be leaking. But while they were doing this, the strangest thing happened: the whale had passed, evidently hurt with the blow; but then he turned and again came at the ship, and gave it another such shock that the damage was done, and there was no keeping the water out of her, and she sank.

The crew saved themselves in their boats, and reached the shore, where, for some months, they lived like Robinson Crusoe.

Now, I admit that this is a sort of a "fish story"—a kind of story that some doubt—but it was well attested, and I have never seen it disputed.

The boys and girls will believe it, or disbelieve it, as they like. I was not there myself (and I am glad of it), so I cannot say I saw it. But since that time, an English ship, the Waterloo, and the Ann Alexander, and the Parker Cook, have been sunk by whales, and what others I do not know. It is certainly true, that no wave is strong enough to sink a whale: down he dives, to the depths of the deepest ocean, and up he rises and spouts out the brine. The wind may blow as it likes—he "blows," too.

In old times, sailors used to be called "Jolly Tars," and "Jack Tars," and sometimes they were jolly, but always tarry. Many young men go to sea, because they get tired of staying at home, and tired of working on the farm, and because they want to see what the world is made of, and to have adventures. They do not have an easy time, and their seeing costs about as much as it comes to, I think.

Still their life of danger and adventure tends to give them a boisterous, reckless, careless way that is rather taking. They wear curiously cut clothes—trowsers buttoned tight about the hips, with wide bottoms, blue flannel shirts, blue broad-cloth round-jackets, with lots of buttons, and a flat-crowned tarpaulin hat: that has



come to be the sailor's dress. And when they get ashore, with their brown faces and sea-legs, they roll about on the steady land, as much as we do on their rolling ships. It used to be the fashion for good honest fellows to go voyages, and work hard, and earn a little money; and then it was thought rather mean, and decided-

ly not "jolly," if they did not come ashore, and swagger about, and go a riding in carriages, and give presents to their sweethearts, and drink grog, and get drunk, and fight, and then go to the "lock-up," and then be sick, and miserable, and poor; and then to be forced to go to sea, and return and to do it over again.

That's the way sailors did: and there were many to pat them on the back and get their money; and there are many who call this "jolly;" and there are some now, to this day, who feel angry because we wish "grog" to be abolished in our navy; but I am not one of them, for rum is the sailor's worst enemy.

The sailor is a man, and deserves to be treated like a man, and to live like a man, and to die like a man; which, on most ships sailing out of New York, he has not been able to do. But things are better than they were. There are more than 70,000 sailors belonging to the United States, who man 20,000 vessels, of all sorts and sizes, and the most come from Massachusetts and Maine.

They are not up to the sharp cheating tricks of traders, but they have many a trick of their own. I remember how a large shark followed a ship for days, and hovered about for something to eat; but he was too cunning to take the bait with a hook in it, and how to catch him the sailors did not know. They saw that he would rush at any scraps they threw overboard, so they kept feeding him and coaxing him along, and got him to snap at a piece of meat almost before it would

touch the water; then they heated a small cannon ball nearly red hot, and, finding he would snap at a piece of beef, they tossed over the ball; down he swallowed it, and that was the last they ever saw of him.

It must have beat Doctor Brandreth's patent vegetable pills, hollow.

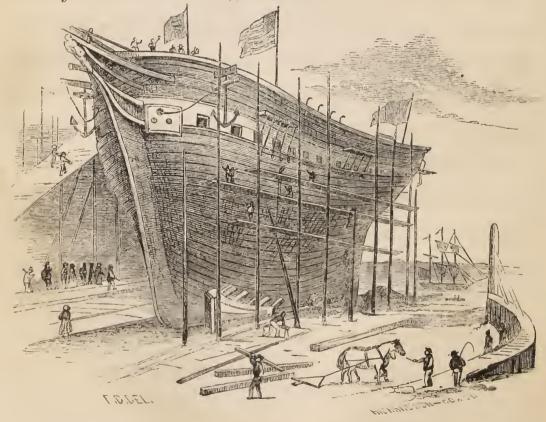
I do not say that nobody should go to sea; for there are thousands in Maine and Massachusetts who begin in the cod-fishery off Newfoundland, and become brave, gallant seamen—who are better off for doing so; because they could not all live well in such a rocky country. But, I do say, that any boy who goes to sea expecting to have a nice easy life, being "jolly" all the day, will be a little mistaken. This is what Richard Dana, a Boston boy, who went a voyage as a sailor, says about it, and you will see that it is not exactly what some boys, who have comfortable homes that they are in a hurry to get away from, think it. He says:

"I now began to feel the first discomforts of a

sailor's life. The steerage, in which I lived, was filled with coils of rigging, spare sails, old junk, and ship stores, which had not been stowed away. Moreover. there had been no berths built for us to sleep in, and we were not allowed to drive nails to hang our clothes upon. The sea, too, had risen, the vessel was rolling heavily, and everything was pitched about in grand confusion. There was a complete 'hurrah's nest,' as the sailors say, 'everything on top and nothing at hand.' A large hawser had been coiled away upon my chest; my hats, boots, mattress, and blankets had all fetched away and gone over to leeward, and were jammed and broken under the coils of rigging. To crown all, we were allowed no light to find anything with, and I was just beginning to feel strong symptoms of sea-sickness, and that listlessness and inactivity which accompany it. Giving up all attempts to collect my things together, I lay down upon the sails, expecting every moment to hear the cry 'all hands ahoy,' which the approaching storm would soon make necessary."

And in a few minutes it came, and up Dana had to tumble to help take in sail.

Bill took me up to one of the ship-yards near the "Hook," when I first went to New York, and, when we got into it, I was astonished at the immense size of a hull as it stood on the stocks. It towered up above our heads like a precipice; and, all over it, there were men hammering, and planing, and sawing; and I remember thinking that Noah's Ark could hardly have been as big as that.



Indeed, I believe Captain Noah would have been more surprised than I was. Even Bill was startled, for he said, right out: "By Golly!"

Whatever that may mean, I do not know, but it always seemed to relieve Bill—so he said: "By Golly, but she is big!"

- "Bigger than the Golden Grocer—isn't she, Bill?"
- "The Grocer ain't anything but a wash-tub," he said.

He seemed so disgusted that I asked him if he was sick; but, he said, he was a thousand miles away from that. We went all over the ship, and then returned to the Golden Grocer, where we sold potatoes, and boiled eggs in the tea-kettle just as before, and were not proud because we had seen the great ship.

I think every one will be interested to know that it takes the timber from forty acres of wood-land to build a large war-ship. The Niagara war-ship, belonging to the United States, which has just been launched, will cost over ten hundred thousand dollars; and, as every person in the United States has to pay something, we

ought to have the satisfaction of knowing that she is a good ship, if she did cost us so much. At any rate she is large—for she measures, on deck, 345 feet, and carries 5,200 tuns: her mast, from keel to flag, is 200 feet high; higher than most steeples—and enough to make one dizzy. She will require, to man her, four hundred men—as many as make a small town.

I guess if Bill had seen her he would have said something else than "By Golly!" which, in my opinion, is not a very handsome word. I have my own views about the use of such phrases, and I very well remember that, when we were boys, and were playing in my uncle's yard, one of us said right out, "I vow!"

My uncle heard him and said, quite sharply, "What's that! What's that! I vow?"

"Yes, sir," I said, for I would not deny my words.

After waiting a minute, he said to me: "What do you say 'I vow' for? Why don't you say—I swaggers?"

I said neither "I vow," nor "I swaggers," that day, again.

## CHILDREN.

When I first went to New York, in the Golden Grocer, with Bill Shelly, I thought it would be splendid to live where there were so many houses, and where one could have baker's-bread, "twist," every day; and I said to Bill, "Bill, wouldn't you like to live in New York, if you were me?"

Then he said to me, "If you was a robin red-breast, would you like to live in a cage, and only look at red bricks?"

- "Of course I wouldn't, Bill. I'm not a fool!"
  Then Bill pinched Jerry's tail, and we had a grand
  "Bow-wow," and a laugh—for Jerry was very angry.
- "But," said I, "why not, Bill—why not live in New York?"
- "Look here, Phil., don't you want to see the trees?"
  "Yes."
  - "And the blossoms?" "Yes."
  - "And to gather the fruit?" "Yes."
  - "And don't you want to hear the birds sing, and the

cows moo, and the hens cackle, and don't you want to find the eggs?"

"Of course I do, Bill."

"And don't you want to go out into the woods for huckleberries and blackberries, and to shake down the rattling nuts?"

"Yes, I do!"

"Then, when it comes winter, don't you like to live where there are hills for sliding, and ponds for skating, and don't you think it's nice to make traps for quails?"

"Yes, I do!"

"Well, then," said Bill, "what do you want to live here for?—here you can't run nor holler, and there's nothing for a boy to do, as I can see, and not much for a girl, except go to school, which nobody ought to do all the time. Now, it's well enough for you to come down here once in a while, in a nice sloop, like the Golden Grocer, with me to take care of you, but what do you want to live here for?"

"I don't know, on the whole," I said, "but I like Mayford the best."

"To be sure you do," he said. "Now, you just go up about the streets, and see what children have to do here."

So I went; and one of the first boys I saw had a basket slung on his shoulders, piled up with bits of kindling-wood—that way.

I watched him. and every little while he drawled out-"B-i-m-e - w-o-o-d," which, I found out, meant pine-wood; and that that boy got his living by getting together old bits of boards, cutting them up, and then selling them, in this way, for kindling, to poor people,



almost as poor as he. Then I saw lots of little

ragged boys and girls, too—very, very dirty—who were scuffling about, wherever there were bags of coffee and hogsheads of sugar on the docks; and that, with pieces of stick, they hooked some out of them when they could. But, whenever the captain or a police officer came along, away they all scattered, so as not to be caught.

Those are little dock-rogues ("wharf-rats," as some call them), who live by pilfering. Some of the poor creatures have fathers and mothers, who tell them to do so; and some of these young things take care of themselves and live as they can.

Since that time I have found houses in the city filled with such poor families. One night I went, with a policeman, at midnight, into the cellar of a house in Water street, where there were six beds, filled with men and women, and these poor children. The cellar was dark, damp, dirty, and foul, and how any child could live in such a place, I could not see.

I shuddered to think of it, and I felt glad that

I was born in Mayford, where the air is pure, and the water clean, and where there were no poor children like these; and I determined to do all I could to help the "Children's-Aid Society," which, last year, got country homes for a thousand of these little vagrants.

These boys and girls are just the same, my school-fellows, as you are; but they have not good fathers and mothers to teach them to be clean and good, and to buy them clothes and books, and the thousand things that many children have without thinking how they get them.

Well, then, there's another set of boys—queer fellows they are, too—the news-boys. They are a sort of little Cossacks. Whenever a ship comes in with news, and "extras" are printed, they watch to buy the first papers, and away they scud, all over the city, crying and shouting till they are hoarse, "Rival of the 'Cific!" "Great noos!" "Emp'rur's baby!" "Peace prospek," and so on.

But on Sundays they travel over the city with

their pile of papers, shouting, with all kinds of voices, something like this: "Sud'day Muk'ry, Sud'day Tibes, Sud'day 'Spatch, Sud'day Cooria, Sud'day 'Erald."

Which of course means, as every boy and girl will know, the Sunday Mercury, Times, Dispatch, Courier, and Herald.

Many of these boys are very smart, and some of them make a good deal of money: some have supported themselves from the time they were eight years old. They were once in the habit of sleeping about on the stairs of the newspaper offices; but within the last two years a lodging-house has been fitted up for them, where they can have a clean bed and a warm, comfortable room for six cents a night; and there, Mr. Tracy, the superintendent, teaches them how to wash their faces, and take care of their clothes and earnings, and the little fellows now like him, and are every day growing better than they once were.

There are many and many little boys and girls who are sent out daily to beg. I have met them in the

cold days of winter, shivering and crying, and without stockings or shoes, begging for a penny. It is hard to refuse them, though, in many cases, their parents spend their pennies all in grog-shops, which abound in New York. For my part, when I see these dirty, suffering children, I think I would rather be anything than a grog-seller.

Perhaps the poor children who have the best time are those who go round with the organs and the monkeys.



Nearly all the organ-grinders are Italians, and nearly all like to own monkeys; for everybody likes to see them, they are such quaint, queer little mountebanks of men. They are rigged out with a hat and coat, dance to the music, after a fashion, and soon like to pick up the pennies, when they jump up to their master, and put them in his pocket. They will almost always fly at cats, and may be made jealous of people. I one day saw a boy pick up a penny which had been thrown on to the side-walk, when the little black monkey flew at him, and jumped up upon his shoulders, and pulled away at the boy's hair till he dropped the penny and ran for home. Then the monkey picked up the penny and chattered away, and grinned with great glee.

During the winter, the organ-players live in town—people, children, and monkeys—pretty much all in common, and in filth. In the evenings they go out to play, and they seek the windows where the lights are bright, and they see signs of children; and you will hear them about till nigh midnight. As they are

apt to play until they are paid something to go, they make pretty good livings, and pay a good round rent for their organs, too. For my own part, I like to hear these peripatetic musicians; only let them play in moderation, not every night, not every one.

In the summer, they go out over the country, and play in the towns and villages, and along the road-sides, and there it is pleasant to hear them, and then their children have a good time. So I am glad when they go in the country, and so are you, reader—are you not?

I have told something about the poor children. I think the children of the rich have a stupid time in the city, too.

STREET MERCHANTS AND CRIES.

I remember very well, when I went to New York, seeing a man pushing about a hand-cart, who kept crying—

"P-aug-e!—P-aug-e!

Paug-e!—paug-e!"

And then he would blow a horn as loud as he could.

When I asked Bill what that meant, he laughed a little, and said—

"Why, he's a merchant! and sells porgies," which is a kind of fish.

I had always thought of a New York merchant as a great man, with warehouses and goods, and clerks, and heaps of money. But I have since learned that any man is a merchant who acts between the producer and consumer; and that this ragged man, who bought the fish from the man who caught them, and sold them to him who eat them, was really a merchant. There is a very large number of people in New York who live in the street, and among them many a merchant who pays no rent. In the first place, early in May, boys and girls, and men and women, go about the streets, singing out—

## "Rad-shees—Rad-shees."

And most of the people buy their radishes of them, at three, or two, or one cent a bunch. Then, in a month or so, you hear them crying, at the top of their voices, and some of them cry with a rough, gruff voice, and some cry with a sharp, shrill voice—
"Straw-breez—Straw-breez,"—that way.

And from them people buy little baskets of strawberries at ten, or eight, or six, or five cents a basket. Then, by-and-by, they cry raspberries, and then huckleberries, and then blackberries, in the same way. But, besides these, oranges and pine-apples, and potatoes, and peaches, and apples, are sold by the street merchants, many of whom go with an old wagon and horse. And you must know, that away on the outskirts of the city, is a place where many a horse is sold to these merchants for five dollars; and as one of them once told me, a very good pair could be bought for fourteen dollars. Think of it! How the crows must be after them.

Then, when it comes corn-time, you will hear the cry in the evening, first from a rough voice—

"HOT-K-O-R-N-HOT-K-O-R-N."

And then from a small, child voice—

"Hot-K-o-r-n—Hot-K-o-r-n

And if you go out to buy, you will see people with baskets on their heads, out of which they will take ears of smoking-hot boiled corn, which are kept hot in cloths, and will sell you one for two or three cents. But I don't eat corn that way.

Every day there goes by my house a man who cries, what sounds like

"Vried vish!—Vried vish!"

And my wife said—"Why does that man cry fried fish?"

He did not cry fried fish at all—but "Glass-put-in."

And there are many of these who mend up the broken windows.

Little girls and boys go about with baskets, and cry—

"M-at-chez—M-at-chez!"

And they sell a great many.

There are some street merchants who have no cry at all; but have a sort of board, upon which they spread out their apples and pea-nuts, and candy than two dollars a day profit. The book merchants have their stands, here and there, where they sell a good many second-hand books. There are men and women, too, who, in May and June, sell bunches of flowers in the streets, and some of them very beautiful ones, too. I like to buy a rosebud now and then of a little German girl, which I give to my wife, and it makes her think of gardens, and green grass, and singing-birds: very pleasant to her.

There are others who get their living in the streets, who, perhaps, cannot be called merchants. You will see, in the very early morning, these little carts, drawn sometimes by a man, sometimes by a woman, but almost always with two dogs harnessed underneath; and it is curious to see how those dogs do pull. I had no idea, until I saw them, how much they could drag, and how strong and willing they were. Some of them collect swill, and all sorts of old bones and refuse at the houses;

and some collect from the ash-boxes bits of half-burnt coal. These they use and sell, and so get livings for themselves and their dogs. Perhaps these men and women have a good time—but I think I would rather be one of the dogs.



You will see, too, men and women going about the streets—and they start early, too—with sacks on their shoulders, and an iron hook in their hands; they poke into any pile of rubbish or filth, and hook out anything that has value. These are called "Rag-pickers" here; and there are hundreds of them in Paris, and there they are called "Chiffoniers."

Some of them have done it all their lives, and are as well known there as the Duke of Wellington was in London.

You will now and then hear a rich, loud voice come along the street, singing away—

"Sweep-o-sweep-o! Ho-o-hie-he-o! Ho-o! Ho-sweep-o!"

Almost always these are negroes, and they are chimney-sweeps. Now they sweep the chimneys with long-handled brushes, but some years ago, little fellows—sometimes not more than seven or eight years old—would crawl up the fire-places; I would hear him go brushing up; and, then, when I ran out of the door, I would see his little head come pop out the top of the high chimney, where for a few minutes he would sing away—

"Hi-ho! Ho-ho! Sweep-o! Sweep-o! Hi-ho!" which sounded better to me than it did to him, I guess.



In London these little sweeps formed quite a class by themselves, but they were white boys.

There was a man in London who had a great fancy for the little rough, dirty fellows: his name was Jem White; and every year he would give them a smoking hot supper at a tavern, where he, Charles Lamb, and other friends, put on aprons and waited on them. When they had eaten enough, White and Lamb would

propose toasts and drink their healths, and make funny speeches.

They all enjoyed it and had a good time, as you can read in the charming Essays of Elia.

## THE STREETS.

A great city is certainly a very strange place, if one can stop for a moment to think of it. Two hundred years ago, New York was a cow-pasture; now it is covered with streets and magnificent houses, and stores and wharves, and is crowded with half a million of people. What has made this difference?

One of the singular things that I saw, when I first went to New York, was that the streets were carefully covered over with round stones about as large as my head; and I said to Bill: "Bill, what's that for? We in the country have roads, and every spring we go out to mend them; and then you know we cart on heaps of dirt, something soft—but here they are all covered with stones."

"Certing," said Bill, with his bad grammar; "cer-

ting. This is pavement; and let me tell you, that even these streets paved with stone don't stand it very long, with these thousands of carts going over them carrying heavy loads. You jest go up along the streets till you come to Broadway, and you'll see how the pavement is all worn into holes. You jest go!"

So I did, and it was as he said. These round stones—made so by being rolled about in the sea for so many years—are carefully laid in sand and rammed down; but, by-and-by, one of them sinks a little, and then every wheel wears away the hole bigger and bigger, till in an incredibly short time the street becomes dangerous.

Every kind of experiment has been tried to make a pavement that will last: round boulder-stones, blocks of wood, the Russ pavement: this is made by first putting down a foundation of granite chips and cement; on the top of which are set blocks of granite about ten inches square. The German pavement—blocks of granite about six inches square, carefully bedded in sand. The iron pavement—castings of iron set in sand.

The boulder pavement is very jarring and noisy. The wood pavement does not wear. The Russ pavement is very costly, and becomes so very slippery that horses cannot keep their feet. The German pavement is excellent, and the iron promises to do better.

Broadway is the great thoroughfare of New York: from the Battery to the Reservoir it is four miles long, and on both sides are warehouses and shops (with a few dwelling-houses, and hotels, and theatres) through its whole length. The street is filled from morning to night with omnibusses, carriages and people: and one would think that it was a perpetual holiday there, and that the men and women had nothing in this world to do, but to trick themselves out in fine clothes and parade themselves, and act very much like ridiculous monkeys. No one could imagine how much a little piece of ground in Broadway would sell for, if he were not told. The



METROPOLITAN HOTEL, BROADWAY.

Trinity building, which stands, I should think, on a lot 50 by 150 feet, rents for sixty thousand dollars a year. Then in the Fifth avenue, which is the street for the most extravagant dwelling-houses, there are many that cost fifty thousand dollars each, some that cost one hundred thousand dollars, and a few that cost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Just think of it for a moment, and this house is to shelter two ordinary enough people from the weather.

One cannot but laugh a little at the very ridiculous figure some people cut in these fine houses; but that is the way we do in great cities—"Poor jewels need a fine setting:"—

The Kohinoor needs none, you know.

Now, where does the money come from to build the fine houses?—answer that if you can.

To show what men can and do live in, out of New York, I will tell what one of my friends said, in looking at a hundred-thousand-dollar house:—
"Why," said he, "I bought my house on Lake Superior for ten dollars, and I lived comfortably in it for a year." And the happiest man I ever knew, lived in a house that cost less than five hundred dollars.

Now, my readers might suppose, looking only at Broadway and Fifth avenue, that to be rich and glorious was the principal business of people in New York. But just step out of Broadway—go just behind the front wall, and you will find it filled with work-shops, where steam-engines are whizzing, and

where, from morning to night, men and women, and little children, too, are driving their work, and are making every kind of thing, as fast as ever they can. Such is life in New York. Then I warn you not to come here to be idle—you cannot do it—you must work or die.

Whenever you do come, go to Chatham street, and look up Baxter street, and then walk up along



BAXTER STREET.

it, till you are satisfied that a great city is a dirty, dreadful place. I went through that street last winter, when the snow lay in it—thrown up from the sidewalks, and off the roofs—five feet deep. Piles of filth and garbage were thrown up in front of the shops and houses, and when the sun shone out, the melting snows ran into the cellars, and the air reeked with the vile smells. But in that street families are crowded, and there little children are born, are dirty, and die.

But, then, it is not only the pavement, and the sidewalks, and the houses that make up the streets—there is also a street below the street. Under the sidewalks are vaults in which coal is kept, and in many cases where steam-engines and machinery are at work. Then in the middle of the street, under the pavement, are large iron pipes, in which water and gas are carried over the city. From these, branches go into every house. But then under that again are large brick sewers, which carry off the waste water and some filth from the streets, and empty it into the river.

Now, it is easy enough to see that to build these streets, and to keep them in order, and to clean them (which is paid for, but never done), costs some money. Where does it come from?

Why, the people of New York pay six millions a year in taxes, which goes to pay an army of office-holders—many good fat jobs—the entertainment of great men who come home from Europe; to sustain our admirable schools; and a little of it gets laid out on the streets of New York.

## THE PRISONS.

"They've nab'd him!" said Bill, one morning early when he came back from the market, "they've nab'd him, and I tell you what, he'll catch it! he'll swing!"

I was a boy then, as you remember, and I could not tell what he meant, so I said:

"Who is he—and what's that they've done to him?"

"Why, they've caught him—grabbed him—the

fellow who stabbed the sailor last night; and I guess he'll swing."

This astonished me greatly; for in Mayford it was not the custom to stab sailors, nights, and it made my flesh creep to think of the knife going into the man. I said:

"Oh, Bill—is he dead? What did he stab him for—and what will they do with the man who did it—and where did they catch him? Who caught him—and where is he now? Tell me all about it, Bill."

"So I will," said Bill, "if you won't be in such a hurry. Why you see they had been to sea together in the same ship, and were in different watches, and they did not like one another overmuch all along, and this fellow who was stabbed was a sneak, the other man said, and peached and lied to the mate, and got this other fellow tied up, and there was trouble between them, and so this other fellow who stabbed the fellow, he swore that when they got ashore he'd make him pay for

it. So last night they met in Jerry Crain's dancehouse, up here in Water street, and they were a good deal in liquor, and after some words they got high, and before you could say 'Jack Robinson' they grappled one another, and right off this other fellow had his knife in his belly."



"And is he dead, Bill?"

"No, not yet; but he's bled a good deal. Well, then he broke out and run, and they shouted 'Murder! Murder!' and down the watch came after the damage was done, and this morning they nab'd him, and have got him safe in the jug, and I guess he'll swing."

I was not used to Bill's slang, and I said: "What is the jug?"

"The prison, boy—the jail."

This story made me feel very uncomfortable, and I did not eat much breakfast; for I kept thinking of the bloody man nigh dead, and of the sailor who had stabbed him, in jail; and I began to think New York was not so pleasant a place as Mayford after all. I knew that the sailor who stabbed him was sorry now he was sober; and I felt sorry for him; and I knew that if he did not "swing" (be hanged) he would have to be shut up a long time in prison.

Those prisons are not pleasant places, though they are infinitely better now than they used to be; for once they were the dirtiest places, infested with vermin, where men and women were crowded to-

gether like cattle in a rail-car. In those "good old times," as some people call them, any kind of cruelty and brutality was thought good enough for a criminal, and men were apt to forget that they were fellow-creatures who had been badly brought up, and, in most cases, were the victims of drink.

New York has two principal prisons. The great one is on Blackwell's Island in the East river, which you will see as you go past it in the steamboat. It is a large, square, central building, of stone, with two immense, long wings filled with narrow windows, and every window crossed with iron bars. I went to visit it one day, and I found that through these long wings there were cells, in each one of which was one prisoner. These cells were about eight feet long and six feet wide; they contained an iron bedstead and mattress, and perhaps a chair—but no more. All along the walls was the passage-way, so that none of these cells came to the windows, and no prisoner could look out on the grass or the sky. There they stayed

behind their grated iron doors, except when they were marched out to work. These cells are of solid stone, and to keep them clean the beds are taken out once a week, and the floors and walls are thoroughly whitewashed. One of the first things they do with a prisoner is to wash him up clean, cut his hair, and put on a prison dress, which is made of different colored stuffs, and is supposed to hinder their running away; though, with the guards and sentinels all about, I do not see how they can get away. They are kept at work, quarrying and hewing stone mostly. I saw them marched out in squads to get their dinners; about twenty-five in a squad, in Indian file, close up as they can walk. Thus they are marched by the wardens to the kitchen, where each man receives a good mess, and then they are marched back and locked in their cells to eat it. That's prison life at Blackwell's Island, and I decided that it was pleasanter to live on "Clapboard-hill farm" at Mayford.

One of the curious things is, that the sickly ones

get well in prison, and I wonder whether it is because they are cut off from sweetmeats, and pies, and cakes, and rum, and candy, and tobacco, and are obliged to eat moderately of good, wholesome food.

The principal city prison is "The Tombs"—as it is called—in Centre street; though there are



THE TOMBS.

some others, all of which are a sort of receiving prisons, where prisoners are kept until they are discharged or sentenced. Any one will notice in Centre street a heavy granite building, in the Egyptian style—that is "the Tombs." The warden allowed me to go through it. At nearly every cell-grating I found a poor fellow in his cage, with his face to the bars, trying to get some amusement. Some of them had friends to see them, most of whom were nice-looking women, their wives, or sisters, or sweethearts, I suppose.

I asked one pleasant-looking, lonesome face, "if he was almost tired of it?"

He said, "Yes, yes!"

Then I said, "What are you here for—fighting or getting drunk?"

- "No, sir; I stole some boot-legs."
- " Why?"
- "Why," he said, "I had no money, and so I did it; but I never did so before," and then he went and got for me a recommendation from a Mr. Walker, with whom he had lived as gardener, saying he was a

"sober, honest man;" and I have no doubt he was till he got into bad ways in New York. He was a German, and he said to me—

"The man has got the boot-legs, and he promised to let me out to-morrow. Do you think he will let me out to-morrow?"

"I hope so, I am sure," I said; "for then you can get out into the country to some farm, where you can earn an honest living."

"Yes, yes," he replied, "that's what I'll do. I know where I shall go."

"Well," I said, "don't forget; good-by."

"Good-by."

One sailor there, was rigging a little ship beautifully. He must have been very ingenious; for the wall of his cell had drawings on it of "Dr. Adams," "My Father and my Brother," a picture of the Royal Palace at Copenhagen, and other such things.

Mrs. Foster, the matron, who had been there eleven years, showed me the women's cells, in some of which lay women dead drunk on the floors, just brought in. There were about a hundred women shut up there for ten days, all for drunkenness, and some of them were handsome, and some old women. Poor women, I thought, how dreadful it would have been to see my old mother there.

### THE POLICE.

When I first went to New York, "Old Hays" was the great thief-catcher; and he was as famous a man out of New York and in it as Napoleon Bonaparte. He was a keen, wiry fellow, and what is more, he knew all the tricks, and turns, and ways, and haunts of the old rogues, who prefer to live by stealing rather than work.

"Set a thief to catch a thief," is an old motto, and whether Hays had ever been "light-fingered"—as some said—or not, he knew how to catch the rogues. He had thieves in his pay, no doubt, who would tell him what he wanted to know. Indeed, Old Hays knew every thief in town, and the police now know them well.

"Why don't they catch 'em, then," some boys may cry, "and shut 'em up?"

It must be remembered that a man cannot be clapped into prison until he does some deed against law.

Now, although Old Hays walked about and saw plenty of men he knew to be rogues, and spoke with them, yet he could not touch them till he learned that they had committed some theft. Then it was a contest of wits between Old Hays and them, and the smartest won. The rogues all knew Hays, and knew that they must keep out of his way.

It is almost impossible for the perpetrator of any large theft to escape now, unless the articles stolen are gold and silver, and even then it is not easy. So poor had the business of burglary grown, that, when the news of the California gold-discoveries reached here, forty thieves bought a schooner, and sailed for the modern Ophir, where, by thieving, gambling, and being elected to office, they have

thriven exceedingly. There are men of great talent among the thieves, and they take as much pride in a bold or a brilliant and successful robbery as a boy does in being the best swimmer in town, or girl in having worked a sampler containing the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments. You may see these first-class thieves, now and then, with a certain swash-buckler elegant air, in Broadway, and other public places; there is apt to be a good deal of watch-chain and shirtbosom finery about these gentry; but, now and then, there is one too shrewd to expose himself in that way. It is curious to see how many ways they take to swindle. One of their most successful is what is called the "Confidence-game." This may be understood by the following, which has lately taken place here:

Mr. Fred. Griffing is part owner of Gibbs' patent rifle.

A well-dressed man called upon him at his office in William street, and introduced himself as Lieutenant-Colonel George Marmaduke Reeves, of the Royal British army. He stated that he was agent for the British Government for the purchase of improved fire-arms, and had made a report favorable to another rifle, but would be glad to examine the Gibbs rifle. All this was very fine, and Mr. Griffing, finding this elegant gentleman belonged to one of the first families of England, invited him to his house, and treated him with distinguished hospitality. Lieutenant-Colonel Reeves lived at the Clarendon Hotel, and was in no haste about buying his two hundred thousand rifles, and the patent-right for England at \$100,000; not at all, for he wished full time for examination. Mr. Griffing called upon him at the hotel and found him sick, and that he had been robbed of £120; and was much in want of \$100, which Mr. Griffing, in view of the sale of two hundred thousand rifles and the patent-right at \$100,000, was very willing to lend to Colonel Reeves, a member of one of the aristocratic families of England.

Lieutenant-Colonel Reeves did not wish to put his friend to any inconvenience, but finally accepted the small loan. He also took one of the best rifles, and, having tested it thoroughly, informed Mr. Griffing that he was highly delighted with its performance, and should report in its favor to his government. He also informed him that it would be a convenience if Mr. Griffing would make him a loan of \$200; and that, as he must go to Nova Scotia to see Sir Gaspard Le Marchant, to get him to approve of the report, he would need some \$300 more; all of which Mr. Fred. Griffing advanced to him. Before receiving it, Lieutenant-Colonel Reeves deposited, with Mr. Griffing's lawyer, a copy of his authority for making the purchase. He then departed, and Mr. Griffing felt secure of a fat contract. But, on the 30th of July, he was "waked-up," by being told that Lieutenant-Colonel George Marmaduke Reeves, of the Royal British army, was no other than John W. McAlpine, a well-known thief, and confidence

man. The end of it was, that Mr. Fred. Griffing had enjoyed the intimate society of one of the English aristocracy, and had lost his \$600; and that Mr. McAlpine had had a good time at the Clarendon, had exercised his wits, and was lodged safely in the Tombs.

The original of these confidence men is one "Mr.



Jeremy Diddler," who, in the play, always holds out his hand, saying, in persuasive tones: "Have you, sir, such a thing as a ten-pence about you?"

I have said elsewhere that most of the offenses against good order are the result of drink, and grow out of the grog-shops, which stud every corner of New York. But such incidents as these are quite common: and one cannot but think, if these young fellows would work as hard honestly as they do as rogues, they would make more money by it:—

# "POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

"Capture of Burglars.—Policeman Scott, of the Fifteenth Ward, observed, about eight o'clock on Thursday evening, three young men enter the dwelling of Mr. Duncan, No. 2 Washington square, and, suspecting them to be burglars, he procured the services of two other policemen, and followed them into the house. The trio, finding themselves pursued, fled to the roof, and thence jumped upon a tea-room in the rear, the distance being about

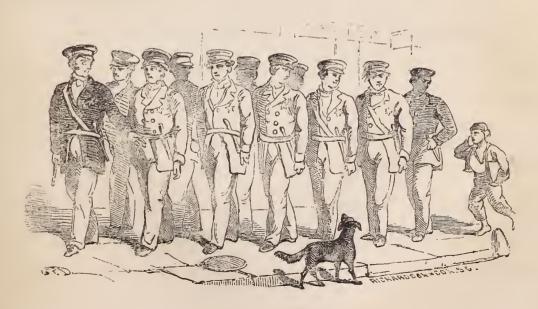
thirty feet. From the top of this room they were observed to leap upon the back piazza of the dwelling of Mr. Boorman, and there, being lame from the frightful attempts to escape which they had made, the officers captured them. The prisoners gave their names as George Carr, William Duzan, and John Garvey, and were locked up in the station-house until yesterday morning, when Justice Davidson committed them to prison for trial. In their possession a large number of skeleton keys, and a fireman's badge, No. 999, which had been stolen, were found."

It is stated, as a fact, that in Constantinople, the capital of Turkey (a city of about the same size as New York), they have but ninety policemen, and that crimes and offenses are nothing like so common as in New York, which has eleven hundred and seven policemen!

Why is this? Some may say, that one is a Mahometan and the other a Christian country; but that cannot be the reason. But it is true, that the

Mahometans are forbidden to drink wine and brandy, and New Yorkers are not; and that there are not eleven hundred grog-shops in one ward in Constantinople, as there are in New York. It is also true, that in Turkey people are not so craving to get rich as in New York; and are not tempted to steal from the time they are born.

Now, when you go to New York, you will see the star-police about, on every corner during the day; and, if you are exceedingly watchful, you will see one occasionally in the night. You may also see them marching in drill, as in the cut—a terror to evil-doers.



The cost of the police to the residents of New York is \$812,559 27, nearly a million of dollars; which is paid out of the earnings of those who work.

Now look at these figures:

Thirty-six thousand two hundred and sixty-four persons were put into the city-prisons last year (1855), and five thousand one hundred and ninety-seven were sent to the penitentiary at Blackwell's Island.

The cost to the city of New York, for prisons, almshouses, and hospitals, in that year, was over seven hundred and ninety-seven thousand dollars.

What has brought these people to prison; for they did not want to go?

Two things, mainly: first, stealing; second, grog-shops.

This is the report of the warden:

 Those who wish to get to "the Tombs" will begin, therefore, to drink beer and brandy. I shall not. Those who wish to pay a million of dollars a year for prisons will sustain grog-shops. I shall not.

### NEWSPAPERS.

One day, Bill brought in a pretty dirty-looking newspaper, and sat down in the cabin of the "Golden Grocer" to read it. He could not read very well,



to be sure, but he could read, and he could write, and he could cipher, for he was a New England boy, where, however poor a boy is, he learns those things (and more) at the free-school.

There they attend to the three "R's"—as some wag said—"Reading, Riting, and Rithmetic."

So Bill read and I listened.

"Awful Ca-c-a-l-cal—what is this word?"

I looked over the paper and I said-

"Calamity, Bill—awful calamity—that's what it is—awful calamity."

"Well, well," said Bill, "that 'll do—I ain't deaf; it's no use hollering 'awful calamity' that way; I could have found it out."

You see he was a little pestered because I could read so much better than he could. So I sat down and he read along aloud to me:

"AWFUL CALAMITY.—Last week our vicinity was visited by a fearful tempest. About five o'clock of Wednesday, a heavy cloud came rolling up in the West. In an hour it spread away north and south,

and began to lighten and thunder some. Then we heard a rushing sound, and, shortly after, the trees near our town began to bend and wave in the wind. Animals and stock were strangely frightened, and ran about. In a few moments we knew the reason why. A terrific whirlwind passed through the woods close to our town, and laid everything low; trees were torn up by the roots, and trunks and branches were twisted off. The path of the hurricane was about a quarter of a mile wide. Where it crossed the river it scooped up the water, and fish were found lying about in the fields. Roofs were blown off, and houses were blown down; nothing in its track escaped. Every house on 'Squire Hobbs' plantation was blown down; his wife was badly hurt, and four of his negroes were killed. We expect to hear of much destruction, though we are thankful that our town escaped," etc.

So Bill read on and I listened.

But let us see what a wonderful thing a New York newspaper has now come to be; and bear it in mind that in New York city alone there are now published some two hundred periodicals, of which twelve are daily papers.

What do these daily papers furnish to every man in the city before his breakfast? Here is a brief list—(the Tribune, Times, and Herald contain almost the same quantity of matter).

#### THE CONTENTS.

1st. Four hundred advertisements—of every kind—offering to sell all kinds of things, from a frigate to a tooth-pick; wanting to buy, wanting to let, wanting situations, wanting information, and what not.

2d. News by telegraph, from every quarter of the country, of what has happened up to three hours before the paper goes to press.

3d. The debates in Congress up to midnight.

4th. The news from Europe, and letters from Turkey, and Sweden, and China, and Timbuctoo.

5th. Able editorials, hot from the brains and pens of able editors, which contain more talent than most books.

6th. Reports of meetings and speeches, of murders and rows, of fires and fights, of operas and plays, of police and prisons; and of all kinds of things which have gone on in the city for twenty-four hours.

7th. Law intelligence from all the courts.

8th. Marine intelligence from the hundreds of vessels that have arrived and sailed.

9th. Commercial intelligence, about money, and goods, and stocks, and bonds.

10th. Letters from city and country correspondents, telling of abuses, and news, and watering-places, etc.

11th. Terrible doings in Kansas.

12th. Literary intelligence about books, authors, etc., etc.

And all this various matter, as Mr. Parton tells us in his Life of Horace Greeley, would make up into a book of over 400 printed pages. Now, how is it all got together in the space of one short day? Near one hundred and fifty men are engaged (some for a part and others all the time) in

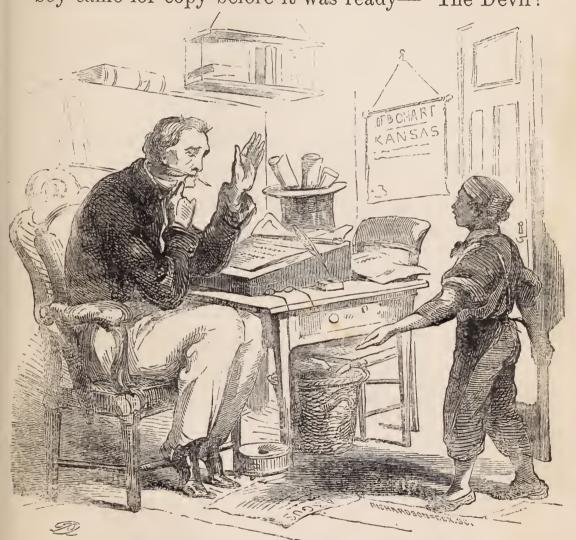
collecting it. In this way, there are some forty paid correspondents, who write letters from every part of the world; some fifty collectors of telegraphic news in all parts of this country; some fifteen men who spend their whole time in getting news in every part of the city; some fifteen more in collecting marine news; and besides these, there are some twelve editors to each of these wonderful daily papers.

So much for the matter; now what is done with it?

### HOW IT IS PRINTED.

Up all this written news is sent to the fifth story, where the room is filled with fonts of type, at which are working the printers as silently as if they were made of iron, and you hear nothing but the click, click of the type as they set them up. Nigh seventy men are employed here all the long night. Most boys have heard of the "Printer's Devil"—the little boy covered with ink and dirt, who runs of errands and does all kinds of odd jobs, is called the "Devil." Some say he got this

name because that the authors always said, when the boy came for copy before it was ready—"The Devil!"



Well, the matter is set up, and then it is sent down under ground—under the pavement—where is a steam-engine, and a monstrous and wonderful printing-press. Upon this the types are arranged, and when all is ready, the paper is placed, and the steam is let on, and to work the mighty engine goes like lightning, and the printed sheets are sped off, from ten to thirty thousand in an hour.

Wonderful, isn't it?

Then they are seized and folded, and away they are sent all over the country through the mails, and all over the city by hundreds of newsboys, and every man gets his newspaper before breakfast.

And this newspaper, which we sit down and read so quietly, has enlisted the services of some two hundred and fifty men; and, to make the single issue, has taken some two hundred days' work; and to print the edition of 30,000, has taken some fifty cart-loads of paper. The cost per week is some six thousand dollars, which will be three hundred and twelve thousand dollars a year; and yet, we buy the newspaper all complete for two cents!

Such is a newspaper now—and a hundred and fifty years ago it was printed on a sheet the size of a letter.

#### THE WATER-WORKS.

One day a man driving a cart, loaded with a large cask, came along the dock, and said to Bill:

- "Hullo! you, there! want some water?"
- "No, thank'ee; not by a plaguy sight," sang out Bill, in his rough way.
  - "Why, Bill," said I, "does he sell water?"
- "Yes, indeed," said he; "lots of it; he gets a cent a pail; for the water in these 'ere pumps down town is mighty strong of lime and salt, and has a sort of doctor's-stuff taste; you jest go up to the pump there, and try it; you jest go."

So I went; and sure enough, it was so bad that I spit it out, quick enough. This seemed queer to me; for at Mayford, when I wanted good, sweet water, I got it out of a clean, deep well, down at the bottom of which I could see my own face, as clear as in a mirror; and it was kept clean by a great speckled trout, that I myself had caught

when he was little, and put in there. Once in a while, he would get in the bucket when I drew it up; but, after looking at him, back I put him, and I don't know but he may be growing there yet.



It is so easy in Mayford to get good water to drink, that I had never thought how good it was, and how starved for it I should be if I had to drink from the New York pumps. Nor had I ever thought how much water a half million of people, crowded together in the lower part of New York island, would use; nor had I ever asked myself—Where do they get it?

But I can tell you, "Schoolfellows," that if it happen that you should go across the plains to California, or across the deserts to Timbuctoo, or are caught in a storm at sea, and your water is so spent that you can't have, say more than halfa-pint a day—then you will learn to know what a delicious drink it is that you have in your wells all over New England, which you draw out with your "old oaken buckets," in bright summer days.

Well, the time came when more water must be had, or New York must cease to grow; and a "Company" of men, called the "Manhattan Water Company," were allowed to put up steam-pumps in the upper part of the city, and to build reservoirs, and to lay pipes in the streets, and to sell water. But, by-and-by, so many people collected here, that more water must be had; and it was decided that a river must be made to flow into the city, so that all could drink.

The little streams flowed along under shadowy trees, and the trees whispered to one another, and

kissed one another across the water, and the sun shone down through the trees into the deep pools, and showed the clear, sandy bottom, and the yellow perch and beautiful trout watching there for flies; and whenever these streams came to a rocky place they never hesitated, but, dashing along, down they went—

Rumble, and jumble, and tumble,

Hip! Hop!! Drop!!! Whop!!!! Stop!!!!!

Till they got themselves down to the bottom!

That's the way those streams did; and the cattle came down to them to drink; and the boys came slyly along, and now and then hooked out a fish; and the girls came and gathered pond-lilies; and the streams had no idea of ever doing anything but what they had always done—run on down to the great Hudson. But one day, along their banks came a small party of men, and they caught no fish, and they gathered no lilies; for they were

# "A COMMITTEE"

from the very reverend Board of Alderman of New York—serious fellows, judges of good dinners, and turtle-soup, and fat "jobs"—and they walked along in their black coats, by the side of these murmuring streams, and one said, "Hum! This is too little."

And another said, "Hum! This is too muddy."

And another said, "Hum! Let's taste this."

And then he said, "Hum! Methinks a drop of brandy would improve it." And then they all laughed out—"Haw! haw! haw!"—there in the country, as loud as they pleased—that Committee, the Fathers of the city. But finally they came to the clear and deep "Croton;" and they stood there and looked at it; and then they all said:

"This will do!"

"Will it though?" murmured the Croton, as it ran away down between the trees, and dashed along among the rocks. But one day a gang of men came there, and they cut away at the trees, and dug away at the rocks, and threw out the dirt in a surprising manner; and the Croton said:

"What's this?—what's this?"

But to work they kept; and they dug, and

blasted, and hammered, and masoned, and more and more the Croton wondered, as they built out the strong stone wall across it, till at last the finishing course was laid, and the Croton said:

"Well, I'm dammed!"

And sure enough, it was dammed across, with a wall as strong as the walls of Babylon; and thenceforth it was to run no more under the shadowy trees, no more among the dashing rocks; but down through a dark aqueduct, built of solid masonry, and through iron tubes, and over the High Bridge at Harlem, until it poured itself into a great reservoir on New York island, thirty-eight miles from its dam. Thirty millions of gallons a day are poured into the reservoirs, and thence through iron pipes, under the streets, are carried into every house in New York. And all this water-works has cost the city \$22,000,000. In our squares we have superb fountains, which used to play; but alas, they play no more, never, now. Why? Because this thirty million of gallons

only supplies the consumption and waste of the people.



Just think, for a moment, what would become of all the people in New York, if their water were to fail them for one day!

# THE RETURN.

Well, after ten days spent in New York, the sloop having sold all her potatoes, and taken in

various hogsheads of molasses, and quintals of fish, and boxes of candles, to carry to the stores at Mayford, we prepared to return to our old town.

Now, I had had a good time there with Bill Shelly, and had seen lots of things (the half of which I have not told); but I had not seen my Uncle Tom, who used to visit us in gigs. Why? Because he was away somewhere on his business?

But I was glad to go back, once more, to see my dear old mother, and to have a race with the boys, and to learn my lessons, and I said—"Jerry!"

Jerry cocked up his ears, and wondered what I was going to say now.

"Jerry, hurrah for Mayford—hurrah, Jerry!"

Jerry jumped about and barked, as though he thought it would be fine fun once more to get there, and chase the rabbits and squirrels.

Well, before we went, I ran up to a shop that I had seen, and bought two loaves of twist, and four round New Year's cakes, and these I decided

to carry to my mother. Beside these, I had bought her a very nice pair of scissors that I knew she wanted, and a plaid handkerchief that I knew she would like. Then I had bought for myself a very fine fish-line, and a long reed pole, and a splendid knife with four blades, a file, a boat-hook, and a corkscrew in it, which I expected to find very useful, though, to tell the truth, it was rather heavy. I had also bought a beautiful ivory pincushion, to screw upon a table, such as I had seen ladies use. What was I going to do with it?

I guess, if you had known Lizzy Loper as well as I did, you would not ask that question. If you had seen her blue eyes, and flaxen curls, and pink cheeks, and white teeth—dear me! what was I going to do with it, sure enough?

Well, we pulled and hauled, and got the Golden Grocer into the stream, and hoisted sail, and away we went with the wind and tide up the East River, and passed the ship-yards and beau-

tiful country-seats, and through Hell-gate, and past Throg's-neck, and then we opened into the blue Sound. O, it was beautiful, and we dashed along quite finely. Jerry and I were in the bows, and I felt so glorious that I began to shout and sing away; and Jerry, he began to bark as though he saw that dog again, 'way out there at sea.

Suddenly, I heard Bill say—

- "Hallo, you Phil there—I say!"
- "Well, what?"
- "I say, if you holler that way, and make such a rumpus, you'll frighten somebody."
  - "Who, now?"
  - "The mermaids, maybe."
- "Pooh, Bill; there ain't any mermaids now-a-days, you know."
- "No mermaids! You jest wait till you've been up and down the Sound as much as I have, and seen them sitting on their tails, down there by Riker's Island, a-combing their sea-green hair, and singing Mere in a doleful but very sweet voice.

You jest wait till you've seen and heard 'em, and then see if you'll say there are no mermaids."

"Now, Bill," said I, rather staggered, as I crept up to him; "now, Bill"—and then I saw a little twinkle, and I caught hold of him, and then he laughed away—

"Haw—haw—haw!" and I laughed, too.

"Hi—hi—hi!" both of us as loud as we could.

"Mermaids?" said I. "Pooh!"

"Well," said Bill, "you jest look in the cabin, and you'll find mermaids there."

And sure enough there was a woman who looked sick, and a nice little girl with her, who took care of her. I had not seen them come aboard, and I am not now going to tell about Julia Ellis.

Bill showed me how to bait my hook, and all one day I fished with it from the side of the sloop, in the deep blue salt water. Did I catch anything? Indeed I did—one good strong horsemackerel, and that was all; but, I tell you what, that made my heart beat and my eyes sparkle.

As we came near Mayford, I could see the steeples and the brown roofs of the houses; and both Jerry and I thought we should fly as we began to snuff the scents of home. As soon as we landed, I ran across the lots, and Jerry ran, too; and we scrambled over the fences, and raced through he back garden, and into the kitchen of our house, and there was my dear mother waiting for us!

She opened her arms, and I jumped into them, and then I was glad that I was at home in Mayford.





